

HALLO, MY FANCY!

C.H.L. S.D.S., Jr.

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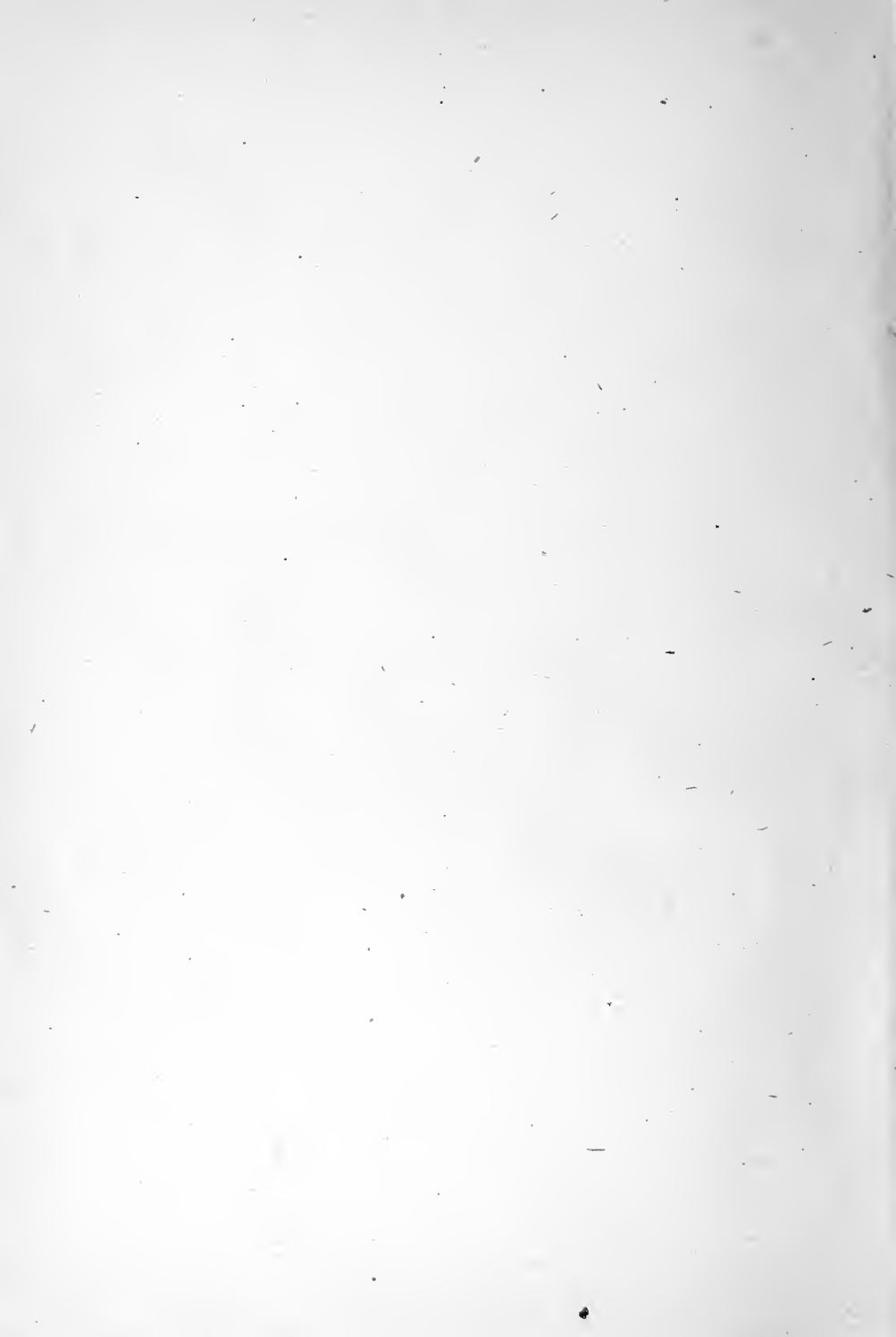
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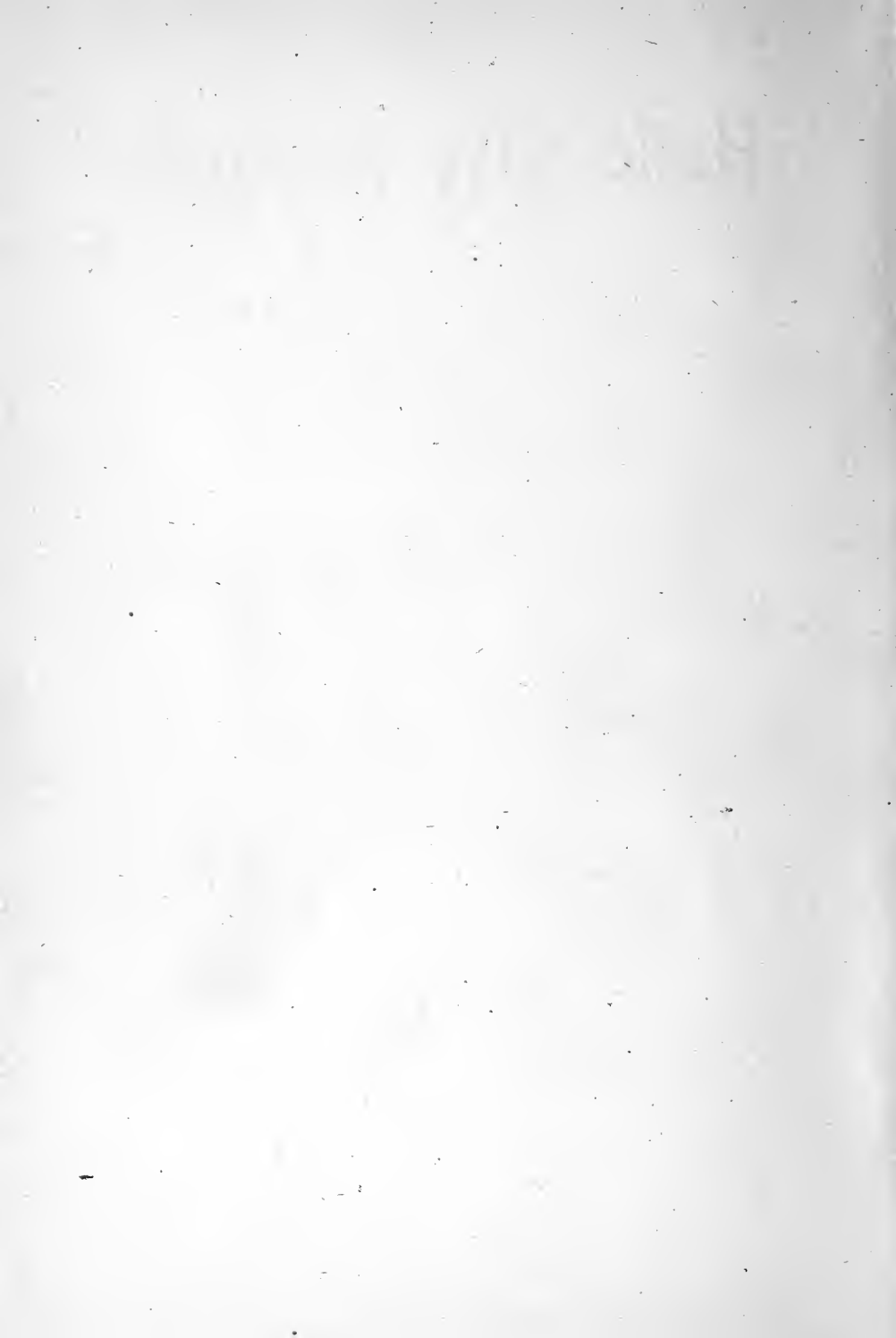
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Hallo, My Fancy!

BY
CHARLES HENRY LÜDERS
AND
S. D. S., JR.

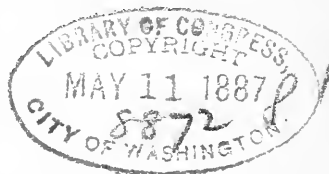
Halloo! my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

—WILLIAM CLELAND.

* *
Quid vetat?

quanquam ridentem dicere verum

—HORACE—*Satires.*



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THE APOLOGY.

*I*N fancy's fields, with eager feet
The poets wander; there they meet
The fickle maid, and cry, "'Hallo!
My fancy, whither wilt thou go?'
Through woodland dim, or meadow sweet?'"

'Hallo!' within their deep retreat
The drowsy echoes, waked, repeat.
'Hallo!' cry all the winds that blow
In fancy's fields.

These are the answers, incomplete,
We two have gained; each quaint conceit,
Each word with life or love aglow,
But echoes, tenderly and low,
Fair fancy's footsteps, flying fleet
In fancy's fields.

S. D. S., JR.

Many of the following verses having originally appeared in "Life," "Puck," and other humorous journals, and a few in various Magazines, the authors take this opportunity of acknowledging the courtesy of the publishers by whose permission they are enabled to reprint them.

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A BOUTONNIÈRE.

A DEWY fragrance drifts at times
Across my willing senses,
And leads the rillet of my rhymes
From city gutters, gusts and grimes
To lowland fields and fences.

I seem to see, as I inhale
This perfume faint and fleeting,
Green hillsides sloping to a vale,
Whose leafy shadows screen the pale
Wood-flowers from noonday's greeting.

I hear the song—the sweet heartache—
Of just a pair of thrushes ;
And hear, half dreaming, half awake,
The ripple of a streamlet break
Their momentary hushes.

And why, dear heart, do I to-day,
Hemmed in by court and alley,
Seem lost in haunts of faun and fay?
Look!—on my coat I've pinned your spray
Of lilies-of-the-valley.

UNAFRAID.

A CHILD, in some far heathen isle,
Murdered to win a false god's smile,
Laughed as the strangler's cord was laid
About its throat; and, unafraid,
Caught at the crimson loop of death
That straightway stilled its joyous breath.

So the fool wantons, nor may check
The harlot's clasp about his neck.

CYNICISM.

A DUET.

*“Le duvet du cœur, ah ! quel donaire !
Heureux qui l’a—sot qui l’espere !”*

—AUGUSTE SAULIÈRE.

“**H**APPY the man who wins a heart
Untouched by passion.
But let him hide himself apart—
He’s not in fashion.

“And you, O too confiding youth,
When you would marry,
Where is the maid whose bosom’s truth
Her lips do carry?

“You think her love has just been won,
And yours the glory ;
But—maids were maids since A. D. 1,
And here’s her story :

S. D. S., Jr.

“At ten her childish love she gave
Unto her cousin,
A youngster handsome, tender, brave :
His years a dozen.

“A quarrel over toy or game,
And then they parted ;
He to illume some other flame—
She—broken-hearted.

“Love’s wounds at ten last but a day.
Another lover
(Like unto like, physicians say,)
Her hurt did cover.

“And so, to take revenge on men
For her delusion,
She traps, then sets them free again
In great profusion.

“And I, a victim of its wiles,
Would give you warning
That love, in all its various styles,
You’d best be scorning.”

* * * * *

“And in return, my cynic friend
Of counsel plenty,
What age does all this wisdom lend?”
“Oh!—I’m—just twenty.”

CHRISTMAS ROSES.

WHAT! roses now? Ah! yes, and fairer
Than e'er the earth has known before;
They bloom with tints and colors rarer
Than roses ever wore.

They bloom with ever-deepening pleasure;
They pale to still more perfect white;
And Christmas joy in fullest measure,
These roses know to-night.

Ah! happy flowers! what though your beauty
Fades in the ballroom's heated air?
Though death's the price of such sweet duty,
You've graced my darling's hair.

THE PHANTOM LUTE.

VENICE, 16—

A LOVER singing a serenade
Unto an air divinely played,
Stands where shadows are deepest laid.

So rapt he is—so wrought with love
For the lady listening just above,
That nothing he hears. The rippling shove

Of gondola-oars that rise and dip—
The wash of eddies that backward slip,
Send no pallor to cheek or lip.

Sudden he stops—a blow!—a groan!—
A splashing of oars! and a lute, down-thrown,
Floats on the shuddering waves alone.

Floats and floats—and forever shall,
A spirit haunting the old canal—
Humming the ghost of a madrigal.

TRANSITION.

HER eyes looked out across this world of ours—
Seen through her lashes as a silken veil—
Wondering that striving mortals e'er could fail,
Startled to see the earth bear aught but flowers.

Her childish heart lay fallow, as a field
Yearning for seed to nourish, and make fair;
For ripened fruit upon its breast to bear,
And more to give as more it still may yield.

And all her senses seemed to watch and wait
For something that would touch and stir them all,
And something, lifeless yet, to being call;
She wished it come, yet, timid, feared her fate.

And ere she knew the name of Love, one day
(All flushed her cheek, and tear-bedewed her eyes,)
He kissed her lips. With tender, sweet surprise
The woman lived—the child had passed away.

DECEPTION.

I T took just a day to discover
That all my precautions were *nil*.
I loved her—ah, how I did love her—
And I must confess, love her still.

As we walked where the moon lit the woolly
White back of each incoming wave,
She seemed to reciprocate fully
The tender affection I gave.

We parted. Last week she was married:
The wedding was private and “nice.”
On leaving, the couple were harried
With slippers and handfuls of rice.

And now she is back in the city;
Installed in the cosiest home,
With a husband who thinks it a pity
An hour from his “precious” to roam.

And *I*, well, I count myself lucky,
And need no consoling, for she—
The dear little darling, the “duddy”—
Was good enough to—marry *me*.

THE DRAUGHT.

WHEN I am thirsty, let me drink
Prone upon the mossy brink
Of a rocky basin, laid
Within the forest's heart of shade.

There may I know the cool caress
The spring gives to my eagerness;
Feeling its bubbles rise and float
Around my chin—across my throat,
Till the swiftly pulsing blood
Circles calmly as the flood;
Till by every sense I'm told
That never flagon tipped with gold
So divine a draught doth hold.

AN ECHO OF BAR HARBOR.

THEY accuse me of flirting with Harry,
Who hasn't a cent to his name,
And certainly don't mean to marry.
Such slander as that is a shame.

They say I've been often seen walking
With Harry alone on the rocks;
We've been seen on the sand sitting talking,
Regardless of custom—and frocks.

They say we were walking together
The day of that trip to the lake,
And our losing our way in the heather
They're certain was *not* a mistake.

At Rodick's—they frequently mention—
When laughter is noisy and loud,
We, with care to attract no attention,
Slip coolly away from the crowd.

One nasty old tabby reported
She saw him, one evening last week,
(Good gracious, how truth is distorted!)
Press a kiss on my too-willing cheek.

Such stories as these are invention,
The truth in them simply is *nil*;
If I have done the thing that they mention,
It *wasn't* with Harry—'t was *Will*!

SERENADE.

O MORPHEUS, open wide thine arms
To her who keeps her lover waking;
And lucky thou by whom such charms
Can now be had just for the taking.

But hold thy power! a moment stay,
While I my tuneful lute am stringing!
Then let her drift to dreams away,
Lulled to sweet slumber by my singing.

IVORY AND GOLD.

I PLUCKED you in the August noon,
When all the hills were hazy
With mists that shimmered to the croon
Of doves—belated daisy.

You grew alone; the orchard's green,
Which May and June had whitened,
Save for your modest bloom was e'en
Content to go unbrightened.

For this, the one I love, at last,
With countless charming graces,
Upon her bosom made you fast
Amid the folded laces.

You had not dreamed that you would rest—
What thought could so embolden?—
Above the treasures of a breast
So white, a heart so golden.

SUN KISSED.

SHY flower, whose beauty lies
Hid
Until the sun may rise
To kiss thy sealèd eyes,
Let then thy golden heart,
Amid
Petals which slowly part,
Show what a gem thou art.

So, love, thy tender breast
Hides
Jewels of love, which rest
There all unknown—unguessed;
Yet when love's light on thee
Abides,
What gem of earth or sea
Showeth such brilliancy?

THE TRYST.

BLOW! winds, and break the blossoms;
Part! clouds that hide the sun;
For the timid feet of a maiden sweet
Adown the valley run.

The thorn of the wild rose wounds her;
The hem of her skirt is torn
Where the cool gray dew has wet it through
With the tears of a summer morn.

No foot is heard to follow;
No eye her path may see;
There is no ear her steps to hear
As she hastens unto me.

O wild, sweet banks of roses!
O fragrant fields of dew!
My darling's kiss is more, I wis,
Than a thousand leagues of you!

v. *LEMPRIÈRE*.

BY AN ABSENT-MINDED POET.

HER attributes are such that I
To many goddesses compare
Her qualities of form and mind.
Their names? oh——*vide* Lemprière!

Her face is such as must have been
That of the fairest of the fair,
That lovely goddess—what's her name?
The Queen of love—in Lemprière.

Her mind is stored with all the best
Of learning's treasures, rich and rare,
Such as Min—something—once could boast
(You'll find her name in Lemprière).

I love her—not because she's wise,
And not because her face is fair;
But for a—something—all her own,
That isn't found in Lemprière.

THE NEW ARCADIA.

FAR up a mountain side there gleams
A gilded lake, where waits and dreams
The heron 'mid the sedge
That fringes all its edge.

Stirred by the rippling of the flood,
Rare water-plants show tints of blood,
And lilies fair unfold
Their ivory and gold.

And scarce twelve paces from the lake,
Mid tufts of laurel-bloom and brake,
Bright crystal, bubbling up,
Fills an enchanted cup.

Here, in a hollow of the urn,
Close sheltered under moss and fern,
(A tiny woodland gnome)
The hylas makes his home.

The forest hues of green and brown
 Cast their reflected phantoms down
 And screen the silver sand
 Where lurks the mottled band.

'Twas over such an emerald brink
 Latona, bending, sought to drink,
 When, ere they knew her spell,
 The rustics fouled the well.

In such a spot as this, I know,
 Narcissus plained his tender woe,
 And of his passion died
 At the clear water's side:

On such a bloom-enamelled shore
 Adonis, smitten by the boar,
 Felt Venus kiss his wound
 Ere ever he had swooned.

FRANÇOIS VILLON.

 RONDEAU.

FRANÇOIS VILLON. To him we owe
 The sly *Ballade*—the light *Rondeau*—
 The dainty, witching *Vilanelle*—
 The tender, echoing *Rondel*—
 Ah! would as he wrote we could so!

For those on whom the Gods bestow
 The gift of rhyming—‘*vray ou faux*’—
 All imitate—or ill or well—
 François Villon.

‘Where are the snows of long ago?’
 They fell but lightly. Through them glow
 The graces of his master spell.
 He said, ‘I know, and know full well,
 All save myself alone.’ *We* know
 François Villon.

TO Q[UINTUS] H[ORATIUS] F[LACCUS.]

RONDEAU.

TO Q. H. F. the idle band
 Of poetasters oft has planned
 Tributes of praise—and penned them, too—
 For love of verse that keeps its hue
 Though dead its language and its land.

True, Pegasus has ever fanned
 The ether at a bard's command.
 But ah! how eagerly he flew
 To Q. H. F.

Not oversweet or overgrand
 Your poems, Horace, hence you stand
 Firm in the hearts of men: and few
 Have gained a place so clearly due
 Since Death, with unrelenting hand,
 Took you, H. F.

A PORTRAIT.

NO doubt you'll think it strange that she
Should have so many striking features;
Perhaps my partiality
Lends her such charms, that other creatures
She may defy.

I find new beauties every day,
In figure, face and conversation.
A few I'll tell you—if I may—
The rest your own imagination
Must then supply.

Beginning at the top—her tresses
Are purer gold than gold itself;
With every breeze a curl caresses
A cheek and brow that ne'er an elf
Would dare disown.

For eyes she has two shooting stars,
That in their flight were stayed and ravished.

Those dimples are the blind god's scars
To spoil the charms that had been lavished
On her alone.

Her neck, you'd swear, was made of kid,
Her hands would 'knock you out' completely,
And yet, they are entirely hid
In gloves that fit a baby neatly;
Just think of that!

Her feet are so extremely small
That they are hardly worth the mention,
And how she ever walks at all
Is past the bounds of my invention—
It knocks me flat.

Her speech in equal parts she shares
With wit and wisdom, separated
By sighs that take me unawares,
And pierce my bosom, lacerated
By her dear sins.

But wounds like these she quickly cures,
I know they're only made to tease me.
And my opinion's (is it yours?)
I'm sure she no whit more could please me
If she were twins!

ELEANORE.

YOU are perfect—you're divine!
Eleanore;
And your loyal heart is mine
To the core;
As the robin's song in May
Is your prattle when at play,
And I love you every day
More and more.

It was from the heart of June,
Eleanore,
That the shallop of the moon
Lightly bore
You across the harbor-bar,
And a night-bird sang afar,
And from heaven there fell a star,
Eleanore.

And a flower of June—a rose—
 Eleanore,
 Did a single bud uncloze,
 Though it bore
 Ne'er a blossom, till the morn
 Of the day that you were born
 Gave a crown unto its thorn,
 Eleanore.

In the azure and the gold,
 Eleanore,
 Of your eye and hair is told
 O'er and o'er
 Your life-voyage, I surmise,
 Where from bluest seas and skies,
 Golden suns will sink and rise
 Evermore.

May the blossom of your heart,
 Eleanore,
 Be a rose whose petals part
 But to pour
 Sweets of love; and if there be
 Tears as well as smiles for thee,
 May they be the dew that He
 Doth restore.

So a kiss before you go,
Eleanore,
Reaching up to me tiptoe
From the floor,
With the gold around your head
And your dimpled cheeks so red—
There—be off with you to bed,
Eleanore!

STAR DUST.

I NNUMERABLE ages since—before
The sun's gold paled to silver on the moon,
Or earth ran round to take on both their hues—
A monstrous bubble, out of chaos blown,
Swelled through the dusk—grew luminous—and lit
All space an instant;—then, with ringing shock,
Burst!—and from out the jewelled mist there swung
Millions of stars to glow forevermore!

MY NEW YEAR'S DINNER.

WITH my friend Bob, for many years,
My New Year's meal I've eaten.
Together, o'er "the cup that cheers",
We've laughed o'er boyish hopes and fears:
(How Time such things does sweeten !)

Our wine we sip, cigars we smoke—
Both of delicious flavor;
We give each other's ribs a poke
At each dear old familiar joke,
Of somewhat antique savor.

We're both old fellows, Bob and I,
I'm single, and he's married;
And sometimes a reluctant sigh
Escapes me, as with memory's eye—
Alas! that hope miscarried.

And Bob's a happy father, too;
He has a daughter, Kitty,
A maid with laughing eyes of blue,
With face so fair, and heart so true,
Of speech half wise, half witty.

I wonder, sometimes, whether she
Could ever care a button—
What stuff! a lamb as fair as she
To mate with an old sheep like me—
Such *very* tough old mutton!

Ah, well! I'm ancient, I'm aware;
Both face and figure show it,
And only an old fool would dare
To dream of one so fresh and fair.
Thank Heaven, Bob don't know it!

RUNAWAY BROOK.

A DOZEN rods from the rails—
A dozen yards from the ridge—
Out of the rustling vales
A brook flows under the bridge,
Singing in liquid treble
Lyrics of root and pebble—
Whispering tuneful tales
To minnow and gnat and midge.

Only a moment lags
The run where an eddy swirls
'Neath a fallen birch that sags
And wets its silvery curls;
Then off with a laugh of wonder
The blossoming branches under
Till over the sunken drags
Of the channel-grass it purls.

Above, where the narrow stream
Through the meadow winds and brawls,
The hurrying shallows gleam
In meshes for silver thralls—
Nets of the noon-rays knotted
For fishes dappled and spotted,
Cast when a golden beam
On the broken crystal falls.

There, sheep come down to drink,
And cattle stand in the shade
Of the mulberry on the brink
Whose boughs the birds invade,
(Merry robins and thrushes
Breaking the noon-day hushes)—
Peering out thro' a chink
To see where our feet have strayed.

But down where the brooklet feeds
The wheel of an ancient mill,
The murmuring water speeds
O'er the dam—and its jewels spill
Over the stones and mosses,
Mourning never their losses,
Till they stir the shivering reeds
Of the river and have their will.

OLD OCEAN'S EDGE.

WHERE breaks the sea on rugged rocks
In nature's fierce caress;
Where sea-gods toss their dripping locks
In very sportiveness;
The spray leaps high toward the sky
To steal the sunlight's golden dress.

Where billows bear from out the deep
The rarest gems they know—
Fair sprays of fern, whose branches weep
When torn from those below;
And dainty shells, whose whisper tells
Some ocean love-tale, soft and low.

These treasures at the feet they strew
Of Mother Earth, and she
Receives the homage that is due
The sister of the Sea.
(Who else could bear in storm or fair
The sea's caprices patiently?)

And then the waves go dancing back
 With dip and curtesy low;
And, see! above their hollows black
 Each tip curls white as snow,
As, clear and bright amid the night,
 The stars shine out with tender glow.

Far, far away the tinted sky
 Bends low to meet the sea,
And racing wavelets ever try,
 In friendly rivalry,
To reach the place where they embrace—
 'Tis just beyond—eternally.

ABANDONED.

IN solitude I see it stand,
 Far from the trumpet's blare,
 The wagon of the "circus band,"
 Bright 'neath the noon-day glare,
 As though a bird of plumage gay,
 Wind-buffeted from out its way,
 Had taken refuge there.

The school-boy flings his satchel down,
 And scales the fence to stare—
 Unmindful of the hostler's frown—
 At the red stranger, there
 Detained, in lieu of coin or notes,
 To pay for corn and hay and oats,
 The stable's equine fare.

Though the hot sun doth crack its paint,
 An extra coat it begs;
 Its gilded carvings, rudely quaint,
 Now serve as harness-pegs;

Straws, scattered from the bursting loft,
Caught in its box, make hiding soft
For Dominick her eggs.

No plume-bedizened horses prance
Before its stirless wheels,
No troop of village-urchins dance
About those horses heels;
No crimson-visaged "leader," drest
In military cap and vest
Blows brazen-voiced appeals.

Gone is the pageant's glory! Fled
As figments of a dream!
The rumbling vans of gold and red,
The trappings' tinselled gleam!
The emu and the sacred cow,
The elephants and camels now
Far-fading phantoms seem!

'Tis thus the glittering caravan
Of Life—that "fleeting show"—
Slow travelling its mortal span,
Is ofttimes seen to throw
Some vehicle of song aside;
Witness, ye poets who have died,
Abandoned to your woe!

UNSPOKEN.

THE greatest words as yet remain unspoken:
The noblest songs remain as yet unsung;
But soon the expectant silence will be broken,
When highest thoughts and songs have found their
tongue.

And one, perhaps, whom men know not; who,
quiet,
Hath borne a deathless music in his soul,
May thunder forth above the mad world's riot
A voice to stir the earth from pole to pole.

So poet, write! and voice thy songs, musician!
Repress thou not what Nature meant to be!
The waiting crown—whatever thy condition—
Must fall at last on one—why not on thee?

THE CAPTIVE QUAIL.

DOWN the long silence of the roadway dying,
 Drifts ever and anon
The fitful challenge of a 'partridge', trying
 Its liquid clarion.

Within the casement of a tavern resting,
 Beneath a tattered blind,
With homely interest the place investing,
 The brown bird stands confined.

No dreaming upland wakens at the thrilling,
 Delicious bugle notes!
Only a honeysuckle's sprays are spilling
 The sweetness of their throats.

No wild bee hums through clustering heads of clover;
 No mower whets his scythe;
No swift-winged dove a neighboring wood flies over,
 Yet is its music blithe:

Blithe as the mocking taunt that cleaves the hollow
 With burst of sudden sound,
 Luring the farmer's boy with gun to follow
 Through wastes of briered ground.

For lo! the ivy on the old church yonder,
 The deep sod at the door,
 The ancient maples bending down to ponder
 Above the graves of yore,

The little negro whistling in the alley
 A flute-like echo, clear,
 Haply less native are than hill and valley,
 Yet not the less are dear!

So with the poets; not to each is given
 The power to rend his thongs!
 And many a prison-bar stands yet unriven
 'Twixt singers and their songs!

Still the free wildness of the waving grasses
 Will linger in their lays!
 Still through the window of each study passes
 The bloom of countless Mays!

List! at close intervals repeated quaintly,
 That cheery note is heard—
 "Bob White!" and, passing on, I hear it faintly,
 And bless the lonely bird!

THE MASQUERADE.

AMID the masquerading throng
I stood; and watched, and wondered long.
I never will forget
The accidents of light and shade,
By brilliant costumes' splendor made—
My mind reflects them yet.

But more the characters attract:
'Neath dresses' fiction lay the fact,
Below the mask the face.
My self-set task it was to find,
Through outward signs the inner mind—
The bosom through the lace.

So (*'place aux dames'*), the women there—
A motley crowd, both dark and fair—
They seemed to have no shame.
I saw *one*, fair, and sweet, and pure,
(O sacrilege!) as Pompadour,
Nor thought herself to blame.

And, '*vice versa*,' one of whom
The gossips of the smoking room
 Told many a *risqué* tale;
Thinking, no doubt, to thus refute
What *was*, perchance, but ill repute,
 Wore a nun's hood and veil.

But when the night began to wane,
Beside a monk, with much champagne,
 And laughter like its froth,
I saw her raise the sparkling glass,
(Ah! that such things should come to pass!)
 And, mocking, toast their cloth.

And men as well did show, forsooth,
Such travesties of simple truth,
 I scarce believed my eyes.
Paupers as kings, and kings as slaves,
(The former's case my mercy craves,
 Their wish bred their disguise.)

Bachelors, gayer than their age,
Turning life's book back, page by page,
 To youth—past many a year;
Whispered its echo—though but faint—
In ears that offered no restraint,
 Only too fain to hear.

And married men *incognito*,
Hurrying, bee-like, to and fro,
 Improving shining hours,
Bore married women on their arms.
Their wives? Not so. Alas! *their* charms
 Had long since lost their powers.

* * * * *

Enough! The more I write, the more
I see of evil than before,
 And 'Moral's' not my line.
But some one asks, "And what were you,
That you can speak as here you do,
 O fool! of Folly's shrine?"

"I as a poet went—as one
Who sings high deeds of valor done
 And love's delight—and pain."
I'm still in character to-night,
And pray these lines may earn my right
 To let the masque remain.

UNDER THE PINES.

IN the cañon he lies at rest,
 And above him the calm gray skies
 Look down on his clotted breast
 With its round red wound, and the eyes
 Set wide in a fierce surprise.

Afar, by a singing stream
 Whose burden she cannot hear,
 A woman waits in the gleam
 Of the waning west, and her ear
 Is strained with a growing fear.

Ah! well may she clasp her child
 With a moan and a shuddering start,
 For a cry comes up from the wild,
 Deep wood, and her wan lips part
 With the agony at her heart!

Mid the scant and scattered stars
The swollen moon droops low;
And it turns into silver bars
The storm-stripped pines that throw
The dark of their crests below.

And down in the olive gloom,
Where the broken beams scarce fall
On the dead man and his doom,
The wild wood-flowers o'er all
Are weaving a tear-strewn pall.

AT THE EDGE OF A SHOWER.

FROM the curtains of gray and of gold,
From the vaporous regions of cloud,
A delicate jewel was rolled,
Like a diamond out of a shroud.
And I—who was there with the crowd,
Without an umbrella—suppose
That the maid of the mist was allowed
To weep on the end of my nose.

A WOMAN'S WEAPONS.

THERE'S a smile, and a glance, and a blush,
and a sigh,

And perhaps, on occasion, a tear;
There's a delicate touch of a hand on the sly,
And a flower she may wear when *he's* near.

There's a note in her voice that but one may awake,
And a gleam in her blue (or brown) eye;
There's a kiss on her lips that *some* fellow may take,
(Now why the deuce isn't it I?)

There's the turn of an ankle, the size of a waist,
And the way that she does up her hair;
There's the fit of a glove, and, according to taste,
The tint of the dress she may wear.

There are words that are often but semi-expressed,
And some are hid others below;
For instance, a "yes" may be frequently guessed
Through a clearly reversible "no."

Yet her infinite change is her strongest of arms,
As the song says, "*Femme souvent varie*;"
But what does she want with such numberless charms
When *one* of them finishes me?

QUATRAINS.

I.

TWIN roses war with lilies on her cheeks.—
Her lips a rosebud torn in two, yet clinging;
Despite the pain they smile, and when she speaks
It seems as though that broken flower were singing.

II.

Upon her bosom lies a fair white rose,
Its heart to hers—each as the other pure—
Against her breast the rose's pallor shows
Twin snowflakes, nestling close in love secure.

THE POET TO HIS LYRE.

AFTER ANACREON.

“But still its fainting sighs repeat,
 ‘The tale of love alone is sweet!’”
 —*Moore’s Translation.*

I SANG of men long dead and gone;
 Of deeds heroic done in heat
 Of battle,—and thou breath’dst anon:
 “The tale of love alone is sweet!”

The praise of wine my song took up;
 Thou follow’dst with but laggard feet,
 And sighed, above the brimming cup:
 “The tale of love alone is sweet!”

Fair fame and worldly wealth I sang,
 And thus my singing did’st thou greet—
 This utterance from thy bosom sprang:
 “The tale of love alone is sweet!”

Spirit! for this I chant no lays
Of hearts that nevermore may beat,—
Of wine nor wealth nor war's affrays—
“The tale of love alone is sweet!”

CUPID DECEIVED.

LOVE, my soul's tenant, looking through my eyes
From lodgment new in my now empty heart,
Saw his own semblance—like in every part—
Within those orbs o'er which thy lashes rise.
And, being one who doth companions prize,
He smiled; and when his image used like art,
Straightway emboldened, forward he did start
To greet with kisses his reflected guise.

A little flight, and lo! his blithe advance
Met cruel check; for, like a storm-blown bird
Dashed against glowing crystal, down he fell.
Poor cheated fool!—then looked he round askance,
Seeking his lure; and saw how he had erred,
And how Love's mirror broken lay as well.

LOVE AND A COMPASS.

TO the north of her mouth, east and west of
her eyes,
By the curls of her tresses half hidden,
Two ears, of the tiniest, daintiest size,
Are kissed by the breezes unbidden.

And right to the north of each exquisite cheek
Lie her eyes, of a brilliancy tender.
Their color I know not, but in them I seek
Some sign of approaching surrender.

Due north of the dimple that hides in her chin,
Two lips conceal music behind them;
And when a smile plays on them, Cupids begin
To break from the bonds that confine them.

Just south of her chin stands a full rounded throat,
Whose whiteness than marble is whiter;
Southeast and southwest of it, shoulders I note—
No curves are more graceful, or lighter.

In the south of her bosom, a bit to the west,
Is the greatest of all of her beauties:
My loadstar's the heart that is hid in her breast;
To obey it's my sweetest of duties.

IN WINTER.

O ROSETREE stripped of all thy lovely
flowers—
Flowers that rejoiced my heart in summer's hours—
Sigh not that now thy frost-chilled stems are bare;
Next summer's sun will make thee fair.

O heart despond not in thy deepest woe!
Know that the happiest now have once been so.
'Trust time to give thy present wearying rest;
Thy love, if strong, will make thee blest.

OUTWARD BOUND.

A HEART'S SAILING.

W^HITHER away?—for what harbor unfurled
Flutter thy sails? Wilt thou circle the
world?—

Turn the low waves of antipodal seas?—
Sight the leaf-plumage of tropical trees?

Or, like a warm-breasted sea-bird, go forth,
White-wing'd, to brave the white storms of the
North?

Barque! will the mild equatorial moons
Lure thee to anchor in azure lagoons?

Heart! must the chill of the northernmost sea
Wound thee to death that now wingeth so free?

Answers it not,—dropping over the rim
Of the horizon to spirit-lands dim.

OPHELIA.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRY MURGER.

ON bed of sand, among the reeds,
The hurrying brook intones a song;
Ophelia, leaning over, long
Watches her child-face framed in weeds.

And while she thinks, "How fair am I!"
The brook lays gently at her feet
A water-flower of perfume sweet,
And, singing still, goes rushing by.

She braids the flower within her hair,
Then leaning forward looks again.
The flower seems like a ruddy stain
Against her tresses golden fair.

A flower of Heaven—a brilliant star—
Beams on the brow of coming Night;
And, like Ophelia, with delight
Watches its image from afar.

There, shining like a priceless gem
Upon the brook's caressing breast,
The maiden sees this jewel rest;
And, clinging to a slender stem,

Puts forth her hand and clasps it o'er
The flitting image of the star,
Which, dancing for a moment, far
Allures Ophelia from the shore.

* * * * *

That night they found her dripping veil—
And now she lies beside the stream:
The star upon her grave will beam
Forever, and the brook will wail.

TRIOLETS.

A CORSAGE BOUQUET.

MYRTILLA, to-night,
 Wears Jacqueminot roses.
 She's the loveliest sight!
 Myrtilla, to-night:—
 Correspondingly light
 My pocketbook closes.
 Myrtilla, to-night,
 Wears *Jacqueminot* roses.

A KISS.

You ask me what's a kiss?
 'Tis Cupid's keenest arrow!
 A thing to take a "miss"—
 (You ask me what's a kiss?)
 The brink of an abyss!
 A lover's pathway, narrow.
 You ask me what's a *kiss*?
 'Tis Cupid's *keenest* arrow!

TO AN AUTUMN LEAF.

Wee shallop of shimmering gold!
 Slip down from your ways in the branches.
 Some fairy will loosen your hold—
 Wee shallop of shimmering gold—
 Spill dew on your bows and unfold
 Silk sails for the fairest of launches!
 Wee shallop of shimmering gold,
 Slip down from your ways in the branches!

A LATE SUPPER.

The moon is a cup
 With nectar o'erflowing.
 The sun drinks it up—
 The moon is a cup,
 And Phœbus must sup
 At Alectryon's crowing.—
 The moon is a *cup*,
 With *nectar* o'erflowing.

JACK LOQUITUR.

“**I** TELL you, old fellow, I’ve got it, and badly:
I’ve stuck it out long, but I’m cornered at last.
The truth of it is I’m in love with her—madly;
And—I might as well tell you—my Rubicon’s
passed.

“You know that last party we went to together?
Well, that was the night of the fateful event.
We danced—I was clumsy, she light as a feather—
Then forth from the heat of the ballroom we went.

“We found a dark corner away from the dancers,
And sat down to rest—pretty close, I confess—
I had just heard the music begin on ‘The Lancers,’
When I got myself into the following mess:—

“We were talking of—nothing; just flirting a trifle;
She looked so *piquante*, so provokingly meek,
That, obeying an impulse a saint could not stifle,
I leaned forward and kissed her right square on
the cheek.

“Imagine my feelings when, 'stead of upbraiding,
She blushed like a poppy, and started to weep;
When she murmured, the while her cheeks'
crimson was fading,
'Oh, Jack!'—it was 'Mr.' before—*I felt cheap!*

“‘Are you awfully angry, my darling, my dearest?’
(I was bound I'd endeavor her pardon to gain)
And I stammered in words that were none of
the clearest,
'Don't you know that I love you, and can't
cause you pain?’

“‘You *have* caused me pain: are you sorry you
kissed me?’
'Yes—no—that is—I didn't mean to offend.
I'll try to be good, dear, if you will assist me.'
'I will, if you'll promise your manners to mend.'

“‘So I swore I'd ne'er kiss her again, and, half
joking,
I turned to go off, but the witch had me caged,
And she said, with a blush and a smile *so* pro-
voking,
'Why, it isn't wrong *now*, Jack, you know we're
engaged!' ”

MARCH WINDS AND APRIL SHOWERS.

THE herald, March, hath ridden through the
land,
Astride his airy courser; and, anon,
Deep in the leafless forest making stand,
Hath wound the 'larum of his clarion:
Bidding brown roots and swelling buds to fling
Slumber aside and greet the advancing spring!

Now April's rain is knocking at the door
Of every violet. And lo! ere long—
Hearing the redbreast's serenading song—
Their sweet blue eyes will open by the shore
Of many a grassy run or rippling rill,
Sparkling adown the green slope of a hill!

THE POET'S AIM.

TO mark the shrinking shiver of a leaf,
Hugging its neighbor close when chill winds
blow;

To sorrow with the dying rose's grief,
And all the rosebud's growing gladness know;

To find within each bird's sweet, heart-sprung note
The secret that its tiny breast contains;
To learn from vagrant winds that idly float
The mysteries of distant hills and plains;

To know old nature's every mood and whim,
To love her in them all, or keen or kind;
To note the eye of day grow slowly dim,
That night's new glories may be unconfined;

From love's own self to know that love exists,
To smile or weep as love would have him do;
To hold love fast through doubt's heart-saddening
mists,
Kissing with tear-wet lips his eyes of blue;

This is the poet's aim—to be aware
Of all a less fine nature would let slip;
To toil, and wait till, soft as summer air,
Fame touches him with rarely amorous lip.

A SHORTHAND SONNET.

CAN the rose,
Fresh and fair,
Tell the air
How it grows?
I suppose
That her hair
Unaware
Golden glows.

That her eyes
Shine so blue
With surprise
That they do.
Her I prize.
Wouldn't you?

FARM FRUITS.

A LITTLE ancient man—who wore
 A tall hat, many seasons o'er
 Its days of shining.
 And made to fit his shrunken head
 With padding of bandanna, red,
 Within the lining—

Came often down the dusty road
 Which passed the door of our abode;
 And sometimes tarried
 To sell the sweet farm fruit that lay
 Within a basket lined with hay—
 The which he carried.

I shall not soon forget his face,
 Perspiring with the sturdy pace
 He ever travelled;
 Nor that primeval waistcoat which
 Seemed wholly formed of patch and stitch,
 Much frayed and ravelled.

In springtime, when the violets peeped
 Through tears in which their eyes were steeped
 Each dewy morning,
 He heard the wood-thrush tune his throat
 Up to one high delirious note,
 All rivals scorning!

In autumn, when his worn hat-brim
 Caught the gay leaves that fell on him,
 He brought ripe apples:—
 Great golden “Bell-flowers”—rubbed so bright
 They seemed to hold the rich noon light
 In mellow dapples.

I wonder if he walks to-day
 The “cross-ties” of the iron way
 Through “Olney” running?
 If now—along the “O. & M.”
 On Saturdays he weareth them—
 Those clothes so ‘stunning’?

Haply:—And yet more likely ’tis
 That Life—being done with him and his—
 Long since forsook him!
 And that—while I a tribute pen—
 His neighbors scarce remember when
 Death overtook him!

TEN LINES ON TENNIS.

*MY heart it is a tennis ball,
And gayly do you whack it;
I strike—rebound; I fly, I fall—
I tumble to your racket.*

O lady of the vernal court!
My heart is sore entangled
In Cupid's net, whereto in sport
Your fair arm—silver-bangled—
Hath struck it (a poor tennis ball)
To play another at its fall!

•

A ROMAN SINGER.

"HORATIUS FLACCUS, B. C. 8."

There's not a doubt about the date,—
You're dead and buried.

—AUSTIN DOBSON.

A DUODECIMO in yellow boards,
Red linen back and light-blue paper label;
"HORACE BY FRANCIS,"—this it is affords
The "guardian keys" to fancies that enable
Me to draw boldly on the Muse's hoards;—
Even this little volume on my table.

The title neatly lettered—pen and ink;
Edges uncut, by Time and touch soiled sadly;
Within, a portrait—copper-plate, I think—
Engraved by W. Wise,—the eyes look badly
(The poet *had* weak eyes) and seem to blink:
They would have welcomed spectacles right
gladly.

The next page shows two lovers,— 'neath the twain

This couplet, cut in slim italics faintly:—

“*Clear was the Night, the face of Heaven Serene,*”

(The capitals are introduced here quaintly,—)

“*Bright shone the Moon (a) midst her Starry train.*”

The whole effect more classical than saintly—

As is befitting. Then the publishers:—

“T. & J. Allman, Gt. Queen Str't,”—and after,

“Lincoln's Inn Fields,”—the which all here occurs

Sandwiched 'twixt “London” and the date,— as laughter

Breaks between merry sayings and defers

Utterance of *bons-mots* that will shake the rafter.

The date aforesaid: 1826,—

Which makes it eight and fifty golden summers,

Or silver winters, since from out the mix

Of a town book-stall, open to all comers,

Some scholar bought it and burnt midnight wicks

Perusing it and sipping strong punch ‘rummers.’

A short "Life" of the author comes before
The "Odes" and "Satires" and "Epistles,"
telling

The story of his fleeing in the war
At Philippi;—how he desired a dwelling
Far from the crowd, and how his head was hoar
At forty, and his figure roundly swelling

To comfortable stoutness, which agreed
With his small stature and convivial manner;
All these particulars we herein read;—

Likewise how he was sure that on the banner
Of Fame his rhymes would down the ages speed.
(*His* muse had more than flattery to fan her.)

Then, too, this tiny volume (on my soul!
'Tis gossip,) tells how great Augustus Cæsar
Sent him a "little, short, thick" book or scroll,
And, veiling the mild tyrant in the teaser,
Compared the poet to the parchment roll,—
(This from Suetonius unto you and me, sir.)

Thrice happy bard, to win Mæcenæ's heart!
Small wonder that thou perished in thy sorrow
At his decease. When such rare spirits part
It is to meet again upon the morrow—
As when one drinks a cup of deadliest art,
Another from dead lips his death may borrow.

Rest thou in peace! Thy soul within my hand
Waits to commune with a congenial spirit.
Methinks Time's slender thread of glittering
sand

Runs upward in the hour-glass. I can hear it
Leading away the barrier years that stand
Between this age and thine, as I draw near it.

1884.

AN INVENTORY—WITH COMMENTS.

ITEM: Some hair—soft, golden brown.
I She wears it as it were a crown.

Item: Two eyes. They look at me,
Although there's little here to see.

Item: Two lips. To sing, speak, kiss.
In none of these are they amiss.

Item: A smile. It flits away
Ere I its beauties can portray.

Item: Two hands—so fair and fine,
Too fair, I fear, to mate with mine.

Item: Two feet. To kick, in play,
The follies of the world away.

Item: Her dress. Alas! we men
Cannot describe beyond our ken.

Item: A voice. Its music stirs
The heartstrings of her worshippers;

Each note those flower-like lips set free
A rosebud's perfume seems to me.

Item: Four words. My heart's consoled—
“I love you, too”—and all is told.

OF MISSTRESSE LUCE:—HER EYES.

I LOOKE atte Misstresse Luce: her Eyes,
& doe admire them moste sincerelye:
Butte whenne she turnes those Orbs on me
I must confesse my Harte feeles queerlye.

Ye Skye atte nighte does not afforde
2 Stars of more entrancyng twynkle,
& whenne she laughs, around theyre Sides
Does playe a moste bewitchynge wrynkle.

Butte whenne she weeps ye Teares obscure
Ye Love-Lighte softe withinne them glowynge—
Yet, as we now are soone toe wedde,
Withe Kisses I doe stoppe theyre flowynge.

MELEAGER TO LESBIA.

CUPID DISARMED.

“**M**ETHINKS that thou hast fallen on Love
asleep,
And prest his little wings down to the earth,
And stolen his bow and quiver of darts in mirth—
Quelling with small soft hands his rage divine;
Nor yet relenting when the pearléd brine
Grew in his eyes, hast mocked, and bidden him
weep
O'er a flower-cup half filled with dewy wine;

When, having bound his tender limbs with gold
And silken ribbons from thy golden hair,
Thou'st spill'd his tears and forced him to forswear
All thoughts of bending at thy heart his bow.
Then thou hast loosed his bonds and watched him
go—

Shorn of his strength and something wan and old—
Winging his way with labored flight and slow.”

TRIO.

[SHE.]

“WHAT must he think?” she whispers low,
Her cheek with sudden blush aflame.

“How could I thus my feeling show?
My eyes betrayed my heart, I know.
Ah! would that his would do the same!

“If I should give some little thing—
More tangible than look or smile—
A flower—perhaps this tiny ring—
It *might* some half confession bring:
No—that’s too bold—I’ll wait awhile.”

[HE.]

“Great Heavens! what a fool I’ve been!
To sit there all the evening through,
Say ‘yes’—‘exactly so’—and grin,
And all the while my heart within
Was beating loud enough for two.

“Now, if I only had the cheek
To tell her, in straightforward style,
What makes me so confounded weak
When I’m with her—but I *can’t* speak,
Just yet, at least—I’ll wait awhile.”

[I.]

I stand apart and watch them both,
To find amusement nothing loth;
And while I watch I wonder whether
These fools will ever come together.

SACRIFICE.

MY lady passes by. A sweet perfume
Floats from her every garment on the air,
As if the roses, in their best of bloom,
Knowing her beauty was beyond compare,
As token of their knowledge yielded up
The essence of their lives—their very breath—
And all the fragrance of each dewy cup
Survives in her its giver’s blessed death.

CLOVER HAY.

A METAMORPHOSIS.

I

A HUNDRED hurrying passers-by
Melt in the air and quit the eye:
The roar of traffic doth become
The murmur of the wild bee's hum:
Pavements of granite—gaunt and gray—
In verdant meadows stretch away,
And, in the tall bleak houses' stead,
Green hedges bloom in white and red.

II.

All these, because adown the street
There drifts a perfume, fine and sweet,
From a great wagon;—whereon looms
A mountain of dried clover-blooms.
Swaying atop, 'neath broad hat-brim,
A farmer—sitting—cracks his slim
Long whip-lash round the dusty sides
Of his stout horses as he rides.

SA CARTE DES DANSES.

A DAINY trifle, silk and lace,
All white and palest blue;
A pencil hangs below the place
Where it is bent in two.

A silken cord upon her arm
So soft, and round, and white,
Suspends, secure from every harm,
This little book to-night.

Within the tiny tome I glance;
The ball has just begun,
But someone's taken every dance.
She might have saved me *one*.

I look along the list of names,
And looking there I see
That *every* waltz some fellow claims
Whose name begins with D.

I'm hurt, and say so in a way
I fear is scarce polite.
But, as I turn, I hear her say,
"Don't leave me so to-night!"

Then, with a sudden, tender smile,
She whispers, "Don't look blue;
You might have known it all the while,
The D was meant for U!"

'MY LADY WEEPS—AT TIMES.'

HER brow is marked by unaccustomed frowns,
Tear-dews her cheeks' unfading roses show;
No smile is on her lips' sweet ups and downs—
Cupid, the rogue, abandons Cupid's bow;

He hides no more among her wavering curls,
Her dimples urge him to no sweet emprise;
But—ah! I see him as his wings he furls—
I knew he could not leave those perfect eyes.

A TIME-WORN TALE.

WHEN for Old Orchard Beach I departed,
With my pocketbook full—glad and gay,
I ne'er thought I'd return broken-hearted;
Broken pocketbooked too, by the way.

In the usual way, there I met her
(The charmer, I hardly need say);
Though I hate her I'll never forget her,
For she captured my heart the first day.

By wire-pulling, worked with discretion,
I got into her own special *clique*,
And I yielded, and made a confession
Within the short space of a week.

She was sorry she never could love me;
Regretted to notice my "weeps";
But she swore by the heavens above me,
"Didn't know I was 'playing for keeps.'"

QUATRAINS.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

WHEN Life and Death clasp hands to part no
 more,
 When the wide wings of Earth no longer soar,
 Time's pathway through the Eternal Heavens
 will gleam
 Brief as the passing of a meteor.

AN OLD THOUGHT.

Framed in the cavernous fireplace sits a boy,
 Watching the embers from his grandsire's knee:
 One sees red castles rise, and laughs with joy;
 The other marks them crumble, silently.

LOVE'S ROSARY.

Even as a brook, 'mid wild wood-flowers,
 Binds with linked ripples dell to dell;
 Love's silver thread unites the hours,
 Which are but beads for him to tell.

CHANSON DE LA FRANCO-
AMERICAINE.

O H! yes, I've just come from Paree,
Mais oui!
That heavenly city, Paree,
Pardi!

J'ai rapporté most beautiful dresses,
And *la dernière mode* as to my tresses,
And a very choice lot of *argot*,
Just to show
That I *vraiment* have been to Paree.

I would swear by the "*nom d'un chien*"
Pour rien.

I have the true *chic Parisien*
Très bien.

I have Judic's last wink, so expressive,
And Bernhardt's *triste* smile, so *oppressive*.

Add to these the French *je ne sais quoi*,
And, *ma foi*,
I am dangerous, *je vous prévienne*s.

I scarce speak a word of *anglais*,
C'est vrai.

I have been such *siècles* away
Allez!

But *français* I can jabber forever,
I'd be thought *une Américaine* never.

But *hélas!* my *maman* and *mon père*
So vulgaires,

Spoil my neatest effects every day.

I am now looking for *un mari*,
J'vous dis.

An elderly wealthy *parti*
Aussi,

Who won't mind if he finds me expensive,
But will open *un crédit* extensive.

And if any one knows where I can

Find *that* man,

And will tell me, I'm his, *pour la vie!*

RESCUED.

*Within the lumber-room I found
 A volume old and tattered
 As those which bring "a cent a pound"
 When libraries are scattered.
 I read it through; then closed my eyes—
 I think that must have been it—
 For when I woke, to my surprise,
 These lines were written in it:—*

“**A** QUIET corner,—such as you may find
 In houses occupied by persons kind
 To such as I am;—one of those warm nooks
 Set with an easy-chair and pleasant books,—
 In short, the favorite window of a study,
 Or its round table when the lamp is ruddy.

“The walls at hand showing some pictures, etched,
 Or rarely painted; *bric-à-brac*, far-fetched,
 Laid here and there; quaint carvings; curious
 swords—
 A hundred things from old collectors' hoards,
 Taking, at dusk, the tint of gold or jewel
 When wood-flames leap above the crumbling fuel.

“In this to find, ’mid volumes of old rhymes,
 A resting place where I would catch, at times,
 My owner’s eye; so that, with reverent touch,
 He’d lift me up and turn to such and such
 A page whereon the thought moves fresh and
 glowing
 As a sweet girl afoot where’t has been snowing.

“Ah! happy lot. But no,—left to myself
 To gather dust on this neglected shelf,
 A deep, unbroken gloom envelops me—
 An inexpressible despondency:—
But hark!—a footstep—can it be he comes?
Now for new comradeship with old-time chums!”

ITS A WAY WE HAVE--IN SOCIETY.

I DANCE three sweet successive dances
With one fair girl.
She gives me most bewitching glances
As round we whirl.

We dance, we sup, we talk together;
I did not know
So interesting was the weather,
So fair the snow.

By chance next morning with her meeting,
I bow my head.
I might have spared my cordial greeting—
She cuts me—dead.

My senses quickly come together,
And now I know
How wretched is this beastly weather,
How vile the snow.

THE HOLLOW OF THE SEA.

THE sun has thrown aside in flight
His crimson vestiture; and red
With shame for fleeing, swift has fled
Through the wide portal of the night.

And now a silver-footed fay
Comes, leaping from pale crest to crest
Of the rapt sea, to tell the west
How, thitherward, at shut of day,

Comes Dian's armèd girls to roam
O'er crystal plains. Saw you the splash
Of yon barbed arrow and the flash
Of white wings 'mid the whiter foam?

Ah! there is treasure more for me
In this than in all gleaming stones
And ores that lie 'mid dead men's bones
Held in the hollow of the sea!

TO PEGASUS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

SHOULD the past again come back
With its horrid, dark despair,
Opening wide a chasm black,
Make, O steed, its darkness fair.

Not for naught thy iron feet
Gallop o'er the depthless sea;
Thee the heavens' splendors greet—
Let their light thy herald be.

Traverse all—the graves, and hell—
Precipices—chaos—lies—
Let thy hoofs thy coming tell
Through the dome whence dreams arise.

As a smith his anvil beats,
Come thou down upon the gloom,
All its darkest, deep retreats
Tawny traveller illumine!

Serve men, though from them thy flight—
Angry though the heavens remain—
Though the sky is never bright
O'er their heads, bowed low by pain.

Though the void a forest be—
Ebon blackness all confine—
Though no ray of light we see,
With those fearful feet of thine

Flash thy light where shadows lie—
Show the truth beneath its veils—
Crowd upon this inky sky
Stars whose splendor never pales!

THE REDBREAST.

RONDEAU.

I N country lanes the robins sing,
Clear-throated, joyous, swift of wing,
From misty dawn to dewy eve
(Though cares of nesting vex and grieve)
Their little heart-bells ring and ring.

And when the roses say to Spring:
“Your reign is o’er,” when breezes bring
The scent of sprays that lovers weave
In country lanes,

The redbreast still is heard to fling
His music forth; and he will cling
To Autumn till the winds bereave
Her yellowing trees. Nor will he leave
Till Winter finds him shivering
In country lanes.

UNANSWERED.

O JAPANESE bird on the gilded screen,
With your legs at an angle wide;
With your wings outspread and your head between,
And your neck in a bow-knot tied,
If you only could speak
With your yellowish beak,
What secrets would you confide?

O tell me, my friend, as you've screened the face
Of your dear little mistress, Rose—
With her clear blue eyes, and her dainty grace—
Who blooms as her namesake blows,
Have you heard lovers sigh
(As, for instance, did I)?
Have you heard them, perhaps, propose?

Have you known them to swear that they held her
dear
(You remember 'twas that I swore)?
Have they stammered, and trembled 'twixt hope
and fear

(I wished I could sink through the floor)?
And the answers you've heard;
Tell me, beautiful bird,
Has she ever said 'yes'—before?

Has she ever, by chance, dropped the slightest hint
That she liked me, a little mite?
Have you noticed her cheek take a deeper tint
When I happened to come in sight?
What! nothing to say?
Well, she'll tell me—some day;
I'll forgive you, old fellow. Good night!

*AN AUTUMN RAMBLE IN THE
CATSKILLS.*

WE wandered from the mountain's crest
To where, high poised above the vale,
Grim as a warrior in his mail,
A giant boulder stood at rest;—

And far beneath us, like a chain
Of silver linked with burnished steel,
The Hudson sparkled to the keel
Of many a ship, that to the main

Bore down her cargo; and we saw
One of those long barge-fleets that steam
Toward Albany, far up the stream,
Laden with bricks from Haverstraw.

It seemed we stood upon the brim
Of some vast basin, and looked down
On what—though now the farm and town
Checkered its area to the rim—

Had one time been a vast expanse
Of waters, stretching to the far
Blue Highlands and the hills that are
New England's famed inheritance.

Rooted in many a seam and gash,
Dwarf laurels rose, and ferns upraised
Their emerald plumage 'neath where blazed
The berries of the mountain-ash;

And balsams, hid in sun-warmed pines,
Breathed out such fragrance that it blent
With rising dew-mist, and the scent
Of spice-shrubs and of odorous vines,

Till in one dusky, windless glade,
Slow airs, made heavy with the sweet
Warm burden, bathed our idle feet
With perfumes; and we seemed to wade

Through pools of incense, glorified
By arrowy sun-shafts that slid down
Ethereal airways in the crown
Of a wood monarch at our side!

So we went on; till, at the base
Of a steep, rocky slope, we found
Two lakes—twin jewels—set around
With mirrored hemlocks; and the grace

Of twilight fell about us there
 As the sun sank; and one lone star
 Peeped o'er the purple ridge afar,
 Scarce brighter than a fire-fly's glare.

Then, ere we climbed the rugged way
 Of foot-worn, lichened rocks that led
 Up the sharp steep, we saw where sped
 A streamlet, flinging its soft spray

Over the roots and moss-capt stones
 That marked its pathway through the wood,
 And heard, as at its side we stood,
 Its sweet, unconscious undertones.

And, farther up, again we heard
 This spirit of the mountain spring,
 Winged with bright crystal, fluttering
 Beneath us like a startled bird;

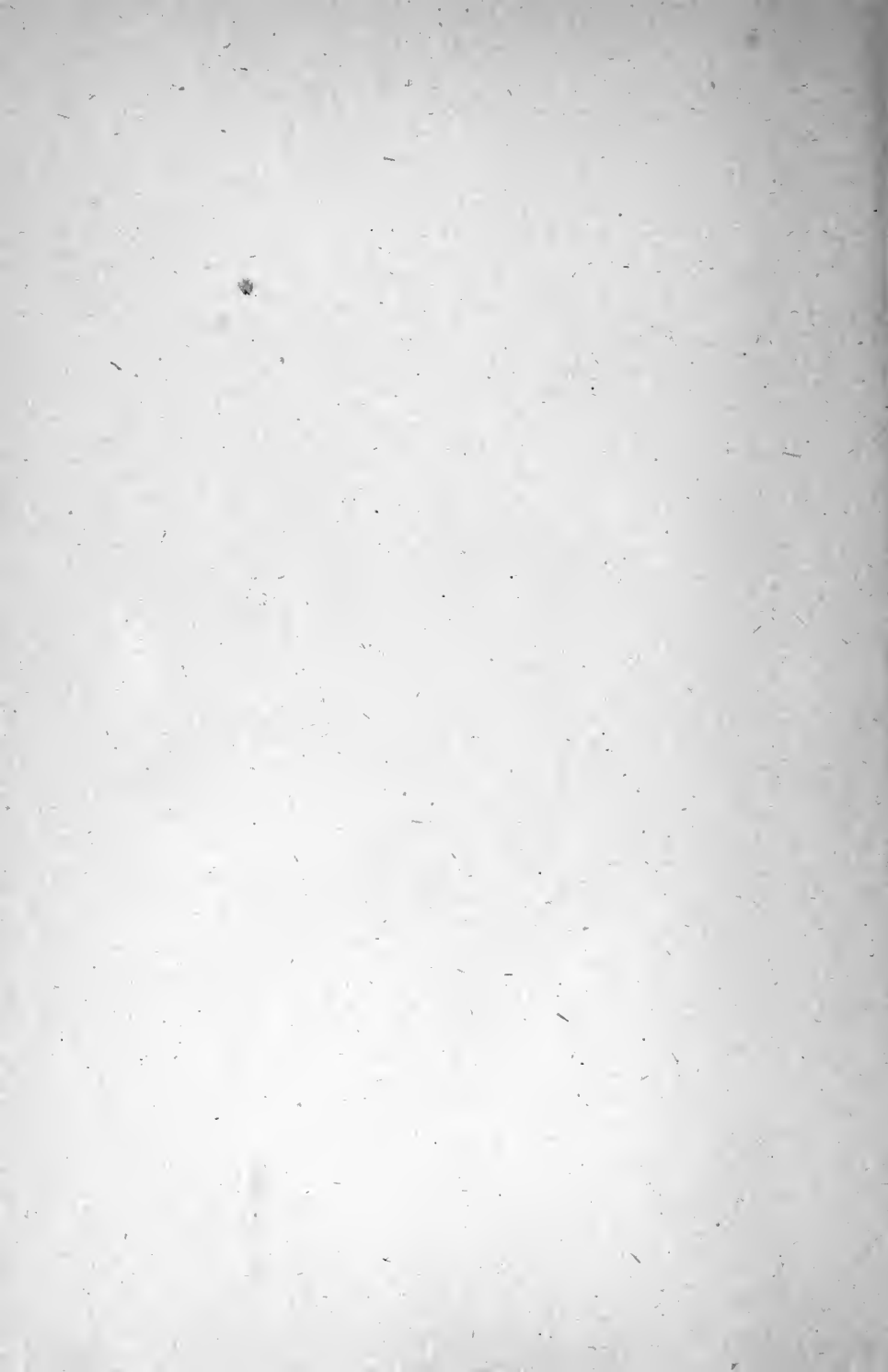
And lingered, listening to its fall,
 Till the red West grew dim and gray
 And pallid; and the young moon lay
 Slender and brilliant over all!

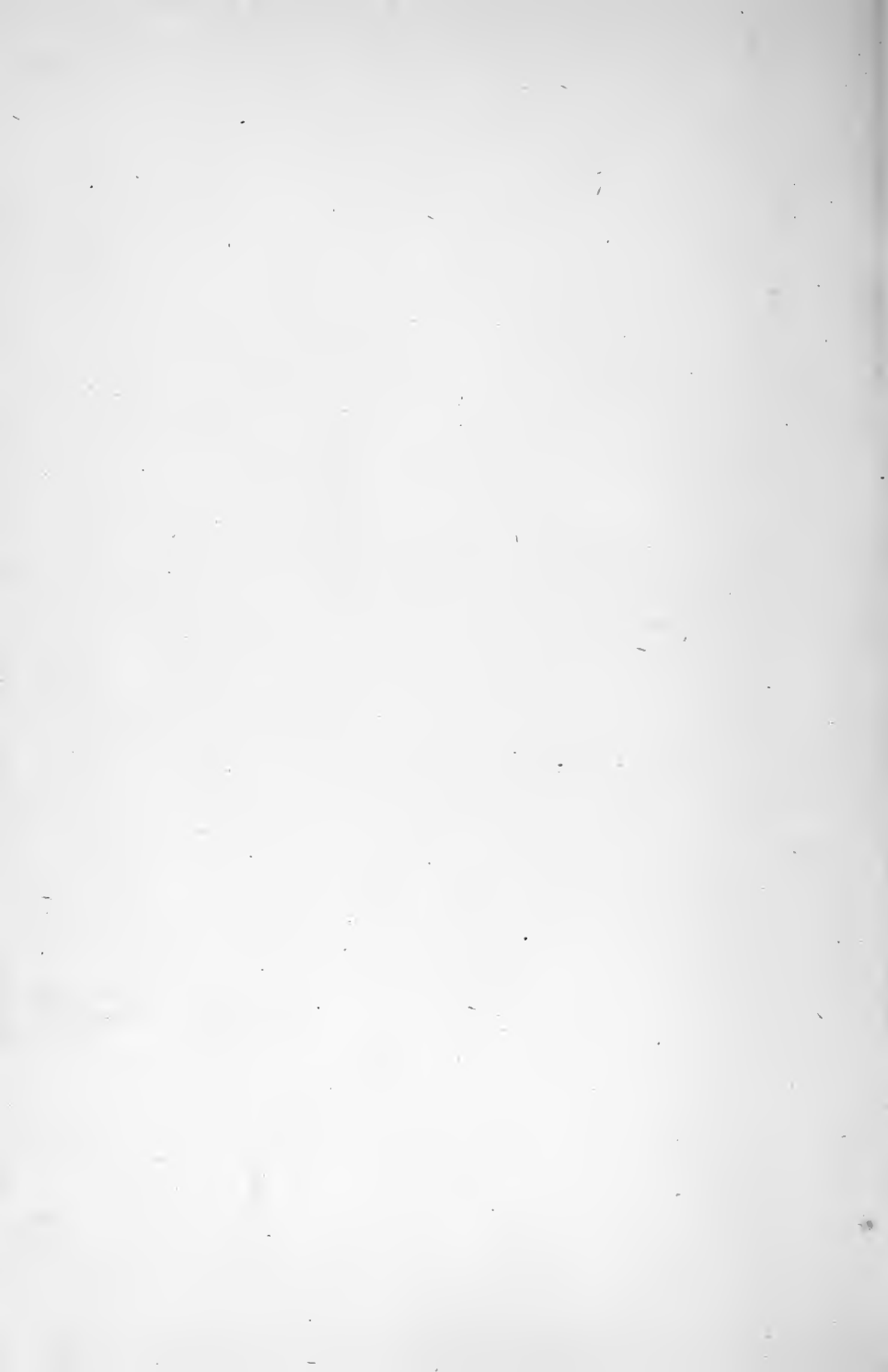
THE FIRST LYRIC.

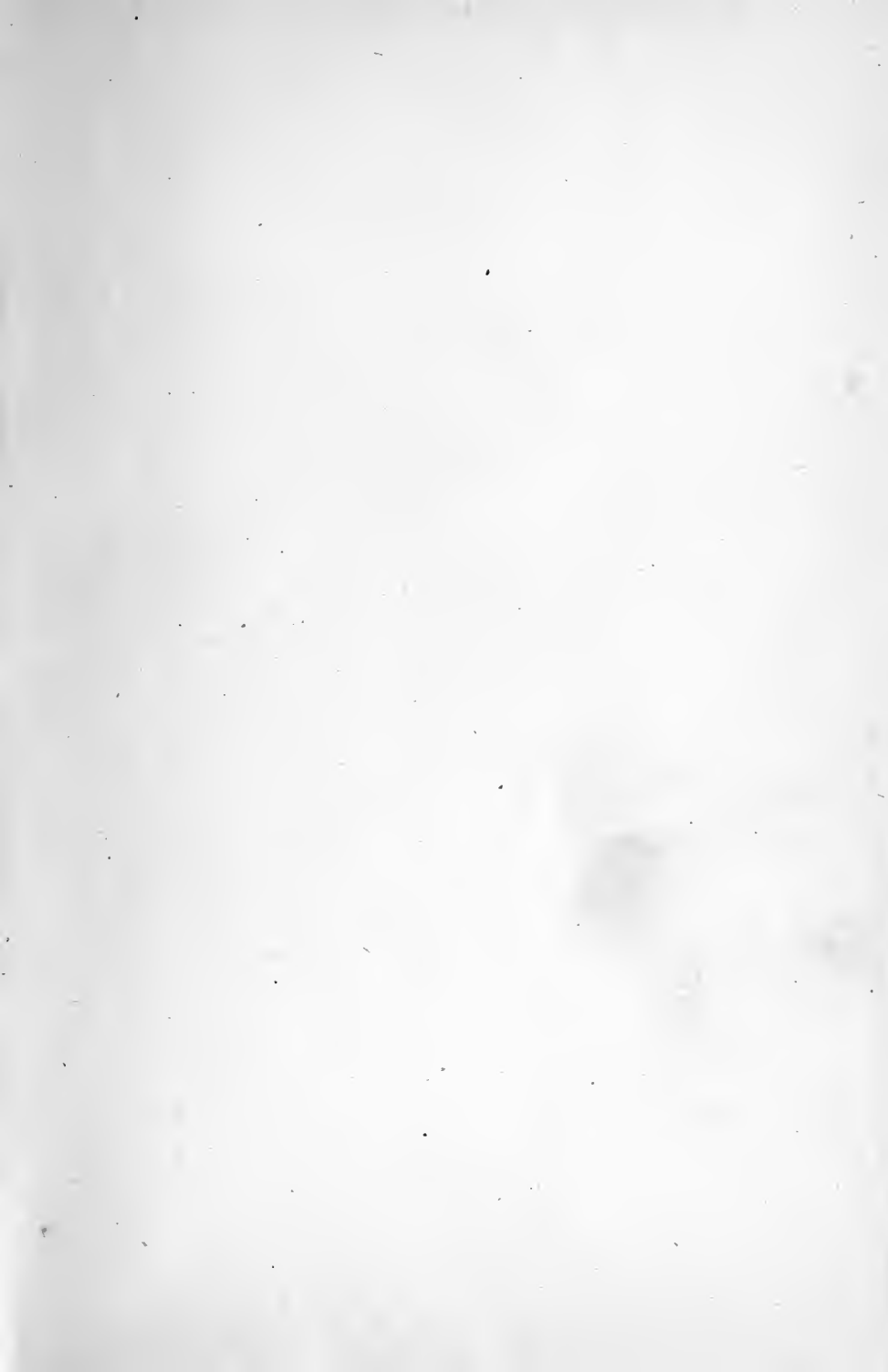
A CERTAIN poet, seeking a sublime
And lucid thought for his melodious rhyme,
Plucked a gay feather from a flying mood—
Smilingly wrote;—then strove, in solitude,
Still to conceive and with his song to twine
Some rare creation—virginal—divine!

Then, deeming all the fancies late set down
But the faint rustlings of the muse's gown,
Despaired; and would have flung his pen away
Had not a spirit gently whispered: "*Stay!*
See'st thou not, within the lines first wrought,
A treasure rich as any thou hast sought?"









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